Get Him Out My Hair by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Nancy does Break Up Tip #1... change her hair.

Get Him Out My Hair

Author's Note:

> Little Mix be having straight BOPS. Picture Natalia at that press conference in that leather jacket with Linnea.
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Okay, gonna bleach him out, peroxide on him
Hair on the floor like my memory of him
Now I feel brand new
This chick is over you

We're going out, ain't got no worries
Drama now, now it just seems so funny
Got my hands up in the air
I'm like yeah

Gotta get him out my hair
Gotta get him out my hair
Gotta get him out my hair
Gotta get him out my hair
My hair

'Cause he was just a dick and I knew it
Got me going mad sitting in this chair
Like I don't care
Gotta get him out my hair
I tried everything but it's useless
He pushed me so far now I'm on the edge
Make him disappear
Girl, get him out my hair

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The thing is, Nancy shouldn't be surprised. Steve was popular. He was Steve Harrington. And just because he was sweet their first time, or high fived Mike, or picked her up before and after school, or made

sure she came every time, he was Steve Harrington, and when his ego was bruised, he was cruel. She'd witnessed it. With Jonathan, and others. So why she's surprised at the slut debacle, she truly doesn't know. Because she thought he would at least have some respect for the girl who gave him her virginity. But looking back it probably wasn't the first time it had happened.

Every single website that pops up under her google search for "How to Get Over a Breakup" has, in big bold letters, the suggestion, "Dramatically change your appearance." Nancy thinks that's a brilliant idea. She dabbles enough in the Beauty Guru world to know her way around stuff. Her parents had planned a trip to go see her grandparents a few hours away, and since it was originally the night of the Spring Formal, Nancy had been allowed to stay home. Now of course that they had broken up, she had no plans, except to watch El and Max because Hopper and Joyce had accidentally booked a sleepover on date night.

Nancy doesn't mind when the two girls get dropped off around four o'clock and she tells them not to even bother taking their shoes off.

"Where are we going?" Max asks.

"To have the best times of your life," says Nancy.

She drags them to the mall first. To her surprise, Max doesn't complain too much, and Nancy buys them large slushies and buttery pretzels and sits them on the plush bench outside the changing room, and plays supermodel. Her credit card does not go to waste, as she buys anything leather, low cut, pink or animal print. Pretty much everything her mother had been trying to get her to wear for years, but she'd always refused, sticking to soft pastel sweaters and loose jeans with absolutely no holes.

Max and El are such dolls. El nods at mainly everything, her brown eyes big and wide and it's not until Nancy comes out in a low cut red tank top, black leather jacket, and ripped skinny jeans, and high heeled leopard print booties that Max stands up,

"You HAVE to wear that on Monday!" she shouts, causing several people to look over at them.

“Max, hush!” Nancy says blushing.
“You look hot as shit.”

“Yes!” says El, “Like, like, Ariana Grande.”

Nancy laughs, that’s El’s favorite singer,

“Well thanks guys. I guess we have a winner. I’m still getting all the other shit though.”

Max laughs,

“Where the hell are you gonna wear a leather dress in Hawkins?”

Nancy sticks her tongue out, and goes to change. $300 later, they’re headed to the beauty supply store. Nancy’s always had long brown hair, and it was more her mother’s pride and joy than her own. She only feels slightly bad, grabbing peroxide and scissors. Max and El on the other hand are clapping excitedly, handing her different temporary dye colors to try out.

The soundbar is blasting as Max and El sit on the toilet and the edge of the bathroom, as she takes the scissors and cuts away long chunks of hair.

“Can you do mine?” Max asks.

“On a scale of one to ten, how much will your parents hate me?”

Max hums,

“A seven?”

Nancy shrugs as she cuts herself some blunt Barbie doll bangs,

“Why not? Lemme get the bleach on first.”

“Can you do something to me?!” El asks.

Nancy shakes her head,

“Absolutely not. Hopper would really kill me.”
El pouts,

“But, but,”

“How about I give you some of my makeup?”

El nods,

“Yay!”

Nancy smiles, clipping her hair up in a clip so it can process,

“Now go pick out a movie, I’ll order a pizza.”

El is on the couch with blue eyeshadow she’d insisted on Nancy showing her how to apply, Max a shoulder length cut with sidebangs, and Nancy, with bleached blonde, chin length, straight hair and piecey bangs.

“Listen, I really really need to see Steve’s reaction,” says Max, reaching for another slice of pizza.

“Now girls, we’re not being petty.”

Max raises an eyebrow,

“Okay, we’re being a little petty. But y’all have class.”

“We can be late!” says El.

“Yeah!”

Nancy shakes her head,

“No. You can hear about it later.”

El pouts,

“That’s not fair.”

“Life’s not fair buttercup. We will get ice cream Monday afternoon and discuss it.”

The girls exchange looks,

“Fine.”

So Monday comes. Nancy styles her new hair, which her mom likes to her surprise. Mike still looks at her funny, but she applies winged eyeliner and red lipstick and her brand new outfit. Her mom had of course seen the movie theater sign, and had called Steve every name in the book, even offering Nancy a glass of wine. She’d declined. But her mom had been very supportive, and there were three chocolate bars sitting on her desk on Sunday morning.

So when she clicks down the stairs on Monday morning instead of a riot, she hears,

“Oh my god!” her mom squeals, rushing over to her, “Sweetie you look beautiful! Oh my gosh, turn around! Your butt is huge!”

“Mom!” Nancy says blushing.

“You look so good honey! I’ve been trying to tell you to dress to accentuate yourself for years! Are you gonna have breakfast?!”

“I was actually just gonna stop and get a coffee maybe?”

“Get a muffin too honey, you have to eat.”

“Okay, okay.”

She takes a sip of her coffee,

“And tell Steve Harrington that I personally said to fuck off.”

“Goodbye!” Nancy calls rushing out the door.

She knows she looks good. But that doesn’t stop her from driving slowly through town to get her Starbucks, and then sitting in the school parking lot to listen to Formation by Beyonce three times. Finally she drags herself out of the car, slings her little bag onto her shoulder, and venti iced coffee in hand, heads into the building.
She’s expecting eyes to be all over her, but they’re really not. She shouldn’t have figured that she was that important anyway. But she just tells herself, it’s that she looks so different that they don’t recognize her. Because she didn’t burn her hair off for nothing!

She groans and takes a sip of her iced coffee, heading to her locker. She's not expecting to be cornered against a set of lockers. By none other than… Steve Harrington. She looks up,

"Hey," he grins down at her, "You must be new."

His eyes trail down her body because he's gross like that, and she sets her jaw, looking up at him,

"Looking for a new victim?" she asks, red lips curling.

His eyes widen and he studies her face under the tons of makeup,

"Nancy?"

"So you're not as dumb as you look," she snarks.

He reaches out to touch a lock of blonde hair and she jerks back,

"Don't touch me!"

His hand drops immediately and he has the nerve to look sheepish,

"Sorry. I, you look good."

She nods,

"I know."

He stares, aghast. Yeah, she can be a bitch when she needs to. She just never needed to be to him, before now.

"Look, I'm really sorry-"

She nods,

"I'm sure you are."

He just stares, rubs the back of his neck, trying to figure out what to say,

"Look babe," she said condescendingly, touching his arm, "I'm gonna be late to class. Catch ya later."

She shrugs out from under his arm, and starts walking down the hallway, swaying her hips extra hard because her butt is big. Finally she turns around,

“Hey Steve?” she shouts back.

He looks up, confused,

“Yeah?”

“Get fucked!” she shouts, raising her iced coffee at him like a toast.

There’s a few snickers in the hall, and she turns around, smile on her lips.